

The Weekly Expositor

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YALE, MICH

It begins to look as if the emperor would have to strip Li Hung Chang down to trunks and tennis shoes.

Rice seems to be a very good diet to rear fighting warriors on, according to the latest advices from the Orient.

The English language as it is printed is being enriched every day. To "unemployment" has succeeded "disemployment," and now comes "motecore" for motorman.

DR. PARKHURST continues to harry the feelings of Superintendent Byrnes and calls for the selection of a thoroughly military man as the head of the New York police force.

There is a falling off in the number of students entering Princeton college this year, and it is attributed to the fame achieved by hazing in that institution last year. Not even football has been able to offset this bad eminence.

EXPERIMENTS show that a green wheat reproduces forty-fold. Every pound should bring forty. It, therefore, follows that much of our food wheat is wasted when we sow one and one-fourth bushels an acre, and get from ten to twenty.

A REPRESENTATIVE of the French government has started for Madagascar to have an understanding with the Hova government. The same ambassador had an understanding with the king of Siam, the result being that that country is now little better than a French dependency.

The board of awards of the world's fair, or the commodities meeting under it, examined over 200,000 exhibits and made 23,750 awards, from which only five appeals were made. That is certainly a creditable showing. There are ordinarily more appeals than that over the awards at a county show.

OUR country needs to study the system of forest guardianship practiced in Europe and Canada. The protection provided for in Germany, for instance, is almost perfect. The American glories have been a vandal people, cutting away forests without rhyme or reason, and paving the way for the very desolation from which their descendants are suffering.

PEREGRINE must be a girl's name in Pittsburgh, for the Pittsburgh Dispatch speaks of Peregrine White, the first white child born in New England as "she." Perhaps the oddest mishap that ever befell the name of Peregrine happened in a London newspaper account of the funeral of the duke of Wellington, wherein Sir Peregrine Maitland appeared among the mourners as Sir Peregrine Pickle.

THE secret of Captain Henry Howgate, formerly chief of the weather bureau at Washington, in New York, after a thirteen years' search, confirms the theory that the safest hiding place is in a metropolis. Howgate, after embezzling \$360,000 of government funds, disappeared in 1879. The secret service agents of the government have been in search for him in every part of the inhabitable globe, but without success.

By mutual agreement this country and Great Britain undertook to protect the Behring sea seal fisheries from poachers and pirates of all nations whatsoever. The United States has maintained a fleet of nine vessels in the service at a cost of \$400,000, while Great Britain has kept but one vessel at a nominal cost. Owing to England's failure to do her part the patrol has been ineffective, nearly every poaching sealer getting away heavily laden with skins.

FRANCE has at least the virtue of perseverance in her colonizing efforts, and the army of 5,000 she is about to send to Madagascar to take possession of that island will be able to hold the capital beyond doubt. Four of the coast towns are now in French possession, and from these a successful advance can be made. But Madagascar in area is equal to four or five American states, and is covered with dense forests. It will be a long time before France can open any large portion of its territory to settlers.

Governor O'Brien of Newfoundland is credited with being in favor of annexing to the United States rather than to Canada. Newfoundland is not, as many suppose, a province of Canada, like New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Ontario, etc., but is separate and independent save in a certain ill-defined allegiance it owes to Great Britain. The shabby treatment received from the home government in the French shore matter has tended to alienate the Newfoundlanders so that it would scarcely require much more than a creek of Uncle Sam's finger to induce the codfishing country to become a part of us.

WITHOUT in the least derogating from the credit due to sanitarians for the great work they have in many ways accomplished for society, it is certainly not out of place to hint that it is just possible they have made some mistakes, and that their science is yet far from having spoken its last word.

WHEN a store is crowded with customers an impression is created that something is being sold there worth the buying. And for this reason the crowd attracted to a store by advertising usually attracts another crowd.

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

HADASSAH, THE LOVELY JEW-ESS OF SHUSHAN.

The Most Beautiful Character in the History of Religion—She Cared Nothing for Earthly Joys and Met Martyrdom With Gentle Firmness.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 7, 1894.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is still absent on his round-the-world tour, has selected as the subject of to-day's sermon, through the press: "Hadassah," the text chosen being Esther 2: 7: "And he brought up Hadassah."

A beautiful child was born in the capital of Persia. She was an orphan and a captive, her parents having been slain by their enemies. She was carried to Shushan, and had died, leaving her daughter poor and in a strange land. But an Israelite who had been carried into the same captivity was attracted by the case of the orphan. He educated her in his holy religion, and under the roof of that good man this adopted child began to develop a sweetness and excellency of character if ever equalled, certainly never surpassed. Beautiful Hadassah! Could that adopted father ever spare her from his household? Her motherly heart, her girlish sports, her innocence, her orphanage, had wound themselves thoroughly around his heart, just as around each parent's heart among us there are tendrils climbing, and fastening and blossoming, and growing stronger. I expect he was like others who have loved ones at home—wondering sometimes if sickness will come, and death, and bereavement. Alas! Worse than anything that the father expects happens to his adopted child. Hadassah, a princely scoundrel, demands that Hadassah, the fairest one in all the kingdom, become his wife. Worse than death was marriage to such a monster of iniquity! How great the change when this young woman left the home where God was worshipped and religion honored, to enter a palace devoted to pride, idolatry and sensuality! "As a lamb to the slaughter!"

Hadassah knew not that his wife was a Jewess. At the instigation of the infamous prime minister the king decreed that all the Jews in the land should be slain. Hadassah pleads the cause of her people, breaking through the rules of the court, and presenting herself in the very face of death, crying: "If I perish, I perish." Oh, it was a sad time among that enslaved people! They had all heard the decree concerning their death. Sorrow, gaunt and ghastly, sat in thousands of households, and mothers wildly pressed their infants to their breasts as the days of massacre hastened on, praying that the same sword stroke which slew the mother might also slay the child, rosebud and bud perishing in the same blast.

But Hadassah busy at court. The heart of the king is touched by her story, and although he could not reverse his decree for the slaying of the Jews, he sent forth an order that they should arm themselves for defense. On horseback, on mules; on dromedaries, messengers sped through the land bearing the king's dispatches, and a shout of joy went up from that enslaved people at the faint hope of success. I doubt not many a rusty blade was taken down and sharpened. Unbearded youths grew stout as giants at the thought of defending mothers and sisters. Desperation stung up cowards into heroes, and fragile women grasping their weapons swung them about the cradles impatient for the time to strike the blow in behalf of household and country.

The day of execution dawned. Government officials, armed and drilled, cowed before the battle shout of the oppressed people. The cry of defeat rang back to the palaces, but above the mountains of dead, above 75,000 crushed and mangled corpses stood the triumph of the delivered Jews, and their enthusiasm was as when the Highlanders came to the relief of Lucknow, and the English army which stood in the very jaws of death, at the sudden hope of assistance and rescue, lifted the shout above belching cannon and the death-groan of hosts, crying, "We are saved! We are saved!"

My subject affords me opportunity of illustrating what Christian character may be under the greatest disadvantages. There is no Christian now exactly what he wants to be. Your standard is much higher than anything you have attained unto. If there be any man so puffed up as to be thoroughly satisfied with the amount of excellency he has already attained, I have nothing to say to such a one. But to those who are dissatisfied with past attainments, who are toiling under disadvantages which are keeping them from being what they ought to be, I have a message from God. You each of you labor under difficulties. There is something in your temperament; in your worldly circumstances; in your calling, that acts powerfully against you. Admitting all this, I introduce to you Hadassah of the text, a noble Christian, notwithstanding the most gigantic difficulties. She whom you might have expected to be one of the worst of women, is one of the best.

In the first place, our subject is an illustration of what Christian character may be under orphanage. This Bible tells a long story about Hadassah. "She had neither father or mother." A nobleman had become her guardian, but there is no one who can take the place of a parent. Who so able at night to hear a child's prayer; or at twilight to chide youthful wanderings; or to soothe youthful sorrows? An individual will go through life bearing the marks of orphanage. It will re-

quire more strength, more persistence, more grace, to make such an one the right kind of a Christian. He who at 40 years loves a parent must feel under the blow. Even down to old age men are accustomed to rely upon the counsel, or be powerfully influenced by the advice of parents, if they are still alive. But how much greater the bereavement when it comes in early life, before the character is self-reliant, and when naturally the heart is unsophisticated and easily tempted.

And yet behold what a nobility of disposition Hadassah exhibited! Though father and mother were gone, grace had triumphed over all disadvantages. Her willingness to self-sacrifice; her control over the king; her humility; her faithful worship of God, shows her to have been one of the best of the world's Christians.

There are those who did not enjoy remarkable early privileges. Perhaps, like the beautiful captive of the text, you were an orphan. You had huge sorrows in your little heart. You sometimes wept in the night when you knew not what was the matter. You felt sad sometimes even on the playground. Your father or mother did not stand in the door to welcome you when you came home from a long journey. You still feel the effect of early disadvantages, and you have sometimes offered them as a reason for your not being as thoroughly religious as you would like to be. But these excuses are not sufficient. God's grace will triumph if you seek it. He knows what obstacles you have fought against, and the more trial the more help. After all, there are no orphans in the world, for the great God is the Father of us all.

Again, our subject is an illustration of what religion may be under the pressure of poverty. The captivity and crushed condition of this orphan girl, and of the land that adopted her, suggest a condition of poverty. Yet, from the very first acquaintance we had with Hadassah we find her the same happy and contented Christian. It was only by compulsion she was afterwards taken into a sphere of honor and affluence. In the humble home of Mordecai, her adopted father, she was a light that illumined every generation. In some period in almost every man's life there comes a season of straitened circumstances when the severest circulations and most scrupulous economy are necessary in order to subsistence and respectability. At the commencement of a business, at the entrance upon a profession, when friends are few and the world is afraid of you because there is a possibility of failure, many of the noblest hearts have struggled against poverty, and are now struggling. To such I bear a message of good cheer. You say it is a hard thing for you to be a Christian. This constant anxiety, this unresting calculation, wear out the buoyancy of your spirit, and although you have told perhaps no one about it, can not I tell that this is the very trouble which keeps you from being what you ought to be? You have no time to think about laying up treasures in heaven when it is a matter of great doubt whether you will be enabled to pay your next quarter's rent. You are in not think of striving after a sphere of righteousness until you can get mean enough to buy an overcoat to keep out the cold. You want the bread of life, but you think you must get along without that until you can buy another barrel of flour for your wife and children. Sometimes you sit down discouraged and almost wish you were dead. Christians in straits slip, with their feet on damask ottomans, may scout such a class of temptations, but those who themselves have been in the struggle and grip of the red mist of these evils to dissipate the soul away from religious duties. We admit the strength of the temptation, but then we point to Hadassah, her poverty equaled by her piety. Courage down there in the battle! Hurry away your disappointment! Men of half your heart have, through Christ, been more than conquerors. In the name of God, come out of that! The religion of Christ is just what you want out there among the empty floor barrels and beside the cold hearths. You have never told any one of what a hard time you have had, but God knows it as well as you know it. Your easy times will come after awhile. Do not let your spirits break down mid life. What if your coat is thin? Run fast enough to keep warm. What if you have no luxuries on your table? High expectations will make your blood tingle better than the best Madeira. If you can not afford to smoke, you can afford to whistle. But merely animal spirits are not sufficient; the power of the gospel—that is what you want to wrench despair out of the soul and put you forward into the front of the hosts, encased in impenetrable armor. It does not require extravagant wardrobe, and palatial residence, and dashing equipage to make a man rich. The heart right is the world's wealth in one role of bank bills; worth all scepters of earthly power bound in one sheaf; worth all crowns expressed in one coronet. Many a man without a farthing in his pocket has been rich enough to buy the world out and have stock left for larger investment. It is not often that men of good habits come to positive beggary, but among those who live in comfortable houses all about you, among honest mechanics, and professional men who never say a word about it, there are exhibitions of heroism and endurance such as you may never have imagined. These men who ask no aid; who demand no sympathy; who with strong arm and skillful hand push their own way through, are Hannibals scaling the Alps; are Hercules slaying the lion; are Moses in God's name driving back the seas. Had-

assah with her needle has done braver things than Caesar with a sword.

Again our subject illustrates what religion may be when in a strange land, or far from home. Hadassah was a stranger in Shushan. Perhaps brought up in the quiet of rural scenes, she was now surrounded by the dazzle of a city. Heads as strong as hers had been turned by the transit from country to city. More than that, she was in a strange land. Yet in that loneliness she kept the Christian's integrity, and was as consistent among the allurements of Shushan as among the kindred of her father's house.

Perhaps, I address some who are now far away from the home of their fathers. You came across the seas. The sepulchres of your dead are far away. Whatever may be the comfort and adornment of your present home, you can not forget the place of your birth, though it may have been lowly and unadorned. You often dream of your youthful days, and in the silent twilight run off to the distant land and seem to see your forsaken home, just as it was when your people were all alive. Though you may have hundreds of friends around you, you often feel that you are strangers in a strange land. God saw the bitter partings when your families were scattered. He watched you in the ship's cabin floundering the stormy seas. He knew the bewilderment of your disembarkation on a strange shore, and your wanderings up and down this land have been under an eye that never sleeps, and felt by a heart that always pities. Stranger, far from home, you have a companion in the beautiful Hadassah, as good in Shushan as in her native Jerusalem. Indeed, very many of you are distant from the place of your nativity. Some of you may be pilgrims from the warm south, or from harder climes than ours, from latitudes of deeper snows and sharper frosts. You have come down in these regions for purposes of thrift and gain. You have brought your tents and pitched them here, and you seldom now go back again except to visit the old village with wide streets and plenty of trees, on some holiday. This is not the climate in which many of you were born. These mothers are not the neighbors who came to the old homestead to greet you into life. These churches are not those under the shadow of which your grandfather was buried. These are not all ministers of Christ who out of the baptismal font sprinkled your baby brow. Far away the kirk! Far away the homestead! Far away the town! Have you formed habits which would not have seemed right in the places and times of which we speak? Have you built an altar in your present abode? Is the religion of olden time once planted in your heart come up in glorious harvest? Is your present home an eulogy upon that from which you were transplanted? Then are ye worthy companions of Hadassah, the stranger as holy in Shushan as in Jerusalem.

EXCHANGED HATS.

A Louisville Man Who Had Battered About His Headgear.

"Well, sir," said a well-known Louisville man, "I had an embarrassing experience recently. I invariably sleep until the very last moment, and then make a rush for the breakfast table and the car. That morning I had but five minutes to get through eating and catch the car that passed my door. I fairly poked things down my throat, and hearing the clang of the motorman's bell I made a rush for the street. As I passed through the hall I snatched a hat that was hanging on the rack, and just reached the corner in time. Then I dropped into a seat and took the morning paper from my pocket. It was not long until I heard a gentle tittering from some dry goods clerks in the seats behind me. They kept it up and somehow I got an idea into my head that they were laughing at me.

"After a while I turned fiercely to one of them and asked what it was that seemed to amuse him so. He trembled and managed to gasp out that I had on my wife's hat. It was even so, and there was one of these long, gaudy, yellow pins that women use to keep their headgear in position, sticking in it. I was so mad that I jerked it off and threw it into the street. Then everybody in the car roared, and I felt very furious. When I reached a hat store I stepped in and bought me a hat of the masculine variety. Several hours afterward my wife dropped in at the store, and she was wearing my hat. There was a pin in the back of it, and the little face vill swung by from the front, but it was my hat I didn't say a word, and that woman is wearing it yet. What betters me is that everybody found out the joke on me, and nobody has noticed it on her."

TAUGHT HIM THE MANLY ART.

How a Thin-Legged, Narrow-Chested Boy Surprised the Assaults.

A well-known Philadelphia, who in his youth was given a little to sport, has a particularly fine boy who is very spirited. At school he suffered very much up to a few months ago from bigger boys, who abused and "pounded" him. Explaining the lad to the strictest secrecy, the father employed a retired pugilist, a little bit of a fellow, and had him give the boy lessons several times a week in boxing. At old moments he practiced with the boy himself. Finally the lad, with that assurance and sense of prowess which comes under such circumstances, wanted to be loose, but the father held him back until he felt perfectly satisfied. Not long ago he told his son to go ahead. An opportunity soon presented itself, and it would be hard to describe the sensation that followed when the young whipper snapper who had been taking thumps for a year or two sailed in and laid out completely two of the biggest bullies and braggarts in the school.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

TALES TOLD ABOUT AND FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A Boy Who Owns an Electric Road—Smoothing Bossy Down—A Little King's Army—A Guessing Game—Mamma's Story—Dainty Paper Dolls.

A Little Magnate.

Little Archie Cowley, of Dellwood, Minn., is probably the youngest railway manager in the world. Archie is but 7 years old, yet he controls an entire electrical railroad. It is true that the road is but one tenth of a mile in length, nevertheless it is fitted out just as completely as any road that is run by grown persons. Archie is the president, secretary, conductor, brakeman and motorman, while his sisters and playmates are the passengers. The road was built for Archie by his father, who is a St. Paul banker.

There are three cars on the road—one motor car and two passenger cars. Each car is five feet long and two feet wide. It is not a trolley road. Instead of a trolley wire there is a long strip of iron, which lies between the tracks and supplies the electricity which makes the cars move along. On the motor car is the rheostat, which is an arrangement for controlling the electric current. By using it Archie can make his car move as fast or as slow as he pleases. On this car also are the motor and the brake, and also the reversing switch which makes the cars move backward.

At one end of the road is the powerhouse where the electricity is produced. The electric current comes from a small dynamo, which is driven by a petroleum engine. There is also a shed where the cars are stored at night and in winter time. In the powerhouse everything is arranged just the same as if it were a large station run by a regular company.

But Archie is the company in this case. His road is on the hill by the side of White Bear lake, and he is the only boy in that region who is able to go coasting in the summer time. He himself will tell you the best of all is, that in this kind of coasting you do not have to walk back up the hill. The electricity pulls you up. Archie is very proud of his road and spends days carrying his sisters and their dolls along the road. He can stop any place on the way, so he pretends there are several stations, and his sisters get out. Then he takes them up again when he comes back, and collects make-believe money from them. They all have a very good time riding on the cars, and Archie is learning a great deal about electricity.

"Smoothing Bossy Down."

My grandmother is very old now. She wears great silver spectacles through which her blue eyes still look kindly, though age is telling on their vision. She cannot walk about much now, except in the house—hard work and rheumatism have dealt severely with her. Day after day she sits by her window and reads her old bible.

Sometimes, when the supper dishes have been "cleared" my grandmother gets into a reminiscent mood and tells us good stories of the time when she was a girl "back in Pennsylvania." But last night, as we gathered round the old home hearth, grandmother said she was thinking of the day when they bought a cow named Bossy and that evening when Tillman milked her. Uncle Till was then a boy of 14 years.

Grandma said: "It was when we lived on the old farm up in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, and my old man had bought a 'fresh' young cow of John Beins, you remember him, don't you, William? He lived up there by the old mill. Pap had brought her home in the morning, and in the evening I asked Tillman to 'milk her,' as I was very tired from the day's work. He got the bucket and started for the cow shed. Bossy was munching her hay and seemed quite contented with her new surroundings.

"Till set the milk stool close beside her and began to milk. He got about one stream in the bucket when Bossy kicked and the poor boy fell back heels over head. But Till was as quick and beating her with a club when I came to the door. I told him to stop whipping the poor cow, that she was not such a bad cow, and that when he went to milk her he ought to pat her and 'smooth her down.' I said I always 'sooed' the cows and patted them and 'smoothed them.' I told him to get the bucket for me and I would show him how to milk her. I sat on the stool and 'petted' her and 'smoothed her' and all that—and then before I knew it Bossy gave me a kick that sent me about in the same fashion as Till had been the town.

"'Smooth Bossy down, mother,' Till cried, 'pet her, mother: smooth Bossy down!'"—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Buttercups.

Frances went with the other children to gather buttercups in the wood, and as they crossed the little stream of water near the spring a crowd of yellow butterflies flew up in front of them.

"Oh, hurry," cried Frances, "the buttercups are all loose to-day and they'll fly away before we can pick them."

Dainty Paper Dolls.

One may make beautiful little paper dolls by taking pains and time for the work. The gayly colored heads, arms and feet that are bought outright may be affixed to paper or cardboard bodies, and then the costumes may be separately prepared. Crimped tissue paper, in its lovely shades, makes a soft and fetching fabric with which to work. One may get up gowns with plaited ruffles,

kilt skirts, puffed sleeves, revers and almost any of the present day styles, all of which have been seen done in paper. Then a sun bonnet is a possibility, too, and little hats and bonnets. There is almost no limit to the wardrobe, given tissue paper, glue and some knack in handling them, with a pair of sharp scissors for aids. —New York Advertiser.

A Boy Army.

The king of Spain is the youngest ruler in the world. According to some people it is a hard thing to be a king, but there is not a boy anywhere who would refuse the title if he could have as much fun as Alfonso did not long ago. A king, by law, is commander-in-chief of the army of his country, and one of the first things he does on being crowned is to take charge of the army. This the king of Spain couldn't do, because—and this is another point in which he is different from all other kings—he was born a king, his father having died shortly before he came into the world. A baby, as every one knows, couldn't take his place as commander-in-chief of a great army, so the Spanish people had to wait until he grew old enough to do it in the proper way.

When a ruler takes command of his army he reviews them. But that wouldn't do in this case. How would it look to see a boy who has only worn trousers about a year and a half, reviewing a lot of grown soldiers? So just here is where the fun came in. For months beforehand some big soldiers were drilling a baby army, whose members were from 5 to 8 years of age. When they could drill like real soldiers they were given uniforms and guns, and one day last summer the king took command of the army of his country through these boy soldiers.

It was a great sight. On a broad esplanade in the city of San Sebastian the 700 boys were drawn up two deep. They were dressed just like Spanish regulars, the trousers having gold stripes down the sides, the swallow-tailed coats trimmed with gold braid and buttoned across the breast with gold frogs. On the shoulders there were gold epaulets. The officers were dressed like the soldiers only they had more gold lace and braid than the rest. The hats were trimmed with gold braid and on the buttons of these suits were the name and likeness of the king. The soldiers carried little bayonet rifles, with rose-wood stocks and silver-mounted barrels. The rifles held small cartridges that exploded with about the noise of a firecracker. Each soldier had also a brace of tiny pistols.

There they stood, waiting for the king to come. After awhile a grown-up orderly, on a big horse, dashed up, saluted the lieutenant-colonel, who was on a beautiful pony, with a long white tail and mane, gave an order to the lieutenant. The drums, in the hands of a boy drum corps, sounded a long roll as the captains called their companies to arms. Instantly every rifle was held over the shoulder at exactly the same angle.

A cloud of dust was now seen in the distance. Up dashed the king in a carriage, with the great General Tolavega, who had drilled the boy army. They were followed by the king's personal staff. The carriage passed the whole line, each captain saluting the king as he went by.

"Present arms!" cried the young lieutenant-colonel. The boys did so well that the thousands of people looking on cheered lustily.

Then King Alfonso, with golden spurs on his boots, mounted a beautiful white pony and walked it back the whole length of the regiment, taking his stand under a purple silk canopy to review the troops. The band played the national hymn and the little soldiers wheeled into line and marched along as well as any grown ones could. The king returned the salutes of the officers as they passed him, and when the review was over the boy band kept playing patriotic airs until the young soldiers went in to a banquet. This ended a great day. It was a sight never witnessed before in the world.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

Mamma's Story.

"Now, mamma, tell me a story, please." "Well, what shall the story be? 'The Three Little Bears'?" "No, mamma dear, please tell the story I love to hear."

"'But when you was little like me.'" "Very well. When I was less than four—"

"No, mamma: half-past three." "Oh yes. I went when the moon was bright—"

"Your papa looked you—one starry night—"

"You are right. He carried me."

"And he said—"

"He hugged me up all first."

"And he said—"

"Your little day ran before."

"An' he carried you straight to 'em'—mamma's door."

"An' said, 'Can she stay all night?'"

"Oh, yes! And so he left me there—"

"An' so you didn't go back."

"An' next day when you saw your mavourne you found the bestest little—"

brother."

—Youth's Companion.

Indian Art.

A lady who teaches the little Indian boys says it is very funny to see them modeling in mud. She says they take a lump of mud, and with a few pinches here and there will transform it into a pig, buffalo, horse, man, chicken or anything they have seen. She says she thinks few white children could do so well.

Multiplication Is Vexation.

Edith—Oh, mamma! Do you know that I am 25 years old?

Mamma—Why, no! You are not, you foolish child.

Edith—Yes! I've been figuring it up. When Jimmy was 1 year old, I was 5; now he's 5, and so I must be 25.

—Puck.

When Hazel Went to Church.

Hazel has an eye to the practical, which fact was illustrated on the day she first saw people baptized. She looked on in silence for awhile and then asked:

"Mamma, do they have to pay to get drowned?"